

## THE HERALD.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 1, 1841.

## Rutland County Whig Convention.

The Whigs of Rutland County are hereby notified that a Convention will be held at the Court House in Rutland, on Thursday, the tenth day of June inst., at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating three Senators for the County of Rutland, and of transacting other important business. A full and punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

By order of the  
County Committee.

Rutland, June 1, 1841.

The Herald.—We last week gave promise that the present No. should make its appearance in an improved condition; and we now ask if this our pledge is not handsomely redeemed!

The sheet, it will be noticed, has been made a considerable larger one way, at once improving its shape and giving about a column and a half more space in each number, being equal to four numbers a year.—Henceforward it will remain as now presented, for three sufficient reasons—one, it is large enough—another, it contains twenty-five per cent more reading matter than any other paper in the State, published at the same price—the last, it is as large as our press will receive.

Our circulation is tolerably extensive for a country paper, but is not adequate to its proper support in its present shape. We speak the exact truth in saying that the whole proceeds of the subscription list will not defray the expenses, and were it not for the advertising patronage and job work, so large and compact a sheet could not be published on a smaller list than three thousand prompt paying subscribers. Consequently, the Herald itself is absolutely circulated at less than cost; yet, frequently, individuals who know nothing of the expenses incurred in sustaining a press, will meanly find fault at the paltry price of a shilling a month for the very thing which weekly confers more intellectual benefit upon them than all other influences combined [we speak of the Art of Printing in its broad sense] or will insultingly offer a pittance less, as though a few pennies a year, starved out of a newspaper was legal plunder and an honorable splitting of hairs, for which, with any other tradesman or artisan in creation, the person so conducting would be indignantly kicked out of doors. Not unfrequently do individuals call for a single number and unhesitatingly order it CHARGED (if three cents!) and we must either stop fifty times each publication day to argue this little business or silently pocket the affront.

Unless our theory is wrong, that the way to obtain an increased circulation is to endeavor to merit it first, we have taken the only proper method to obtain it.—We started with the full determination to DESERVE a list of at least two thousand good paying subscribers, and our exertion to this end will not be relaxed—this number it is determined to obtain; and could we have been favored with one tenth as much pecuniary assistance as has already been bestowed in praise for "improving the paper" we should have had the number necessary to increase the list to two thousand three months ago. Those who freely acknowledge the presence of such an improvement in the Herald, we respectfully ask, is not enterprise, persevering labor and solicitous application under directed to an honorable object, deserving of better encouragement and a more substantial reward than mere word-of-mouth approval? This "well done," "be ye fed, be ye clothed" system of encouraging any person who assiduously labors to deserve what he asks, is certainly very agreeable and flattering, inasmuch as it evinces the good will of others, and it very sensibly stimulates to renewed endeavors to press forward; but it is a coin which will never pass among creditors, or give rest to a mind harassed by the remembrance that debts are contracting at the rate of forty-five dollars a week.

The question recurs. Do not such endeavors deserve to be encouraged with liberal and adequate patronage by professed friends?

Five hundred more names will give us the list above named. One friend each in the neighboring towns might supply the deficiency in one week, without a copper's detriment to himself; and if any feel disposed to do it, they will confer lasting favors.

It may perhaps be impolitic to pen such a sentence (for, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" we will never beg a subscriber) but the frequent reflection is irresistible that the contrast between the conduct of the Whigs and the Locos, in supporting their presses, is shamefully evident. With the Locos, there are always enough friends to procure patrons for their publications and take the interest in them which the peculiar circumstances connected with the circulation of a newspaper render such kindness so servicable to publishers. This, to say nothing of the multiplied and liberal gratuitous donations received by them from their party. We neither expect nor ask *donors* of any man, but are content to earn that we eat, drink, wear and spend.

In a few towns there has been some indications of this benevolent and liberal spirit, and of course, individuals who have rendered us kindness, possess our warmest gratitude.

The view which the public should take of this matter, is, that the existence of the printing press is absolutely indispensable to the propagation of knowledge, truth, religion and civilization—that the humblest one contributes no mean portion to the production of those incalculable blessings which result from the united operation of the whole. No man can be found in community who is willing to deny, that to the untrammelled freedom of this great moral engine, more than to a union of all other causes, do we owe the existence of that universal intelligence and mental activity which so justly distinguishes us from all other nations on the globe. With us, the poorest man, although he may not be able to read Greek and Latin, or measure the distance to the sun or familiarize himself with the sciences, yet he may become as well informed, as capable of analytical investigation, as formidable in argument as searching in satire as conclusive in plea and as sound in judgment in all matters necessarily concerning him, as the most wealthy man on earth.—Such is not the case in any other country—and to what does the poor man of America owe these facilities for distinguishing himself? To the PRINTING PRESS.—Let him look to Russia, Turkey, or China, and behold the great mass of its population to be mere intellectual imbeciles—automatons, incapable of self-action, and slaves to those whom fortune education and knowledge have made their masters—and answer, the free, independent, American PRINTING PRESS! And communi-

ty should consider it a duty due themselves, their posterity, their country and their God, to sustain an institution capable of so wonderful benefits to mankind.

With respect to our own business we say, all business will be done in our line at just charges, be they greater or less than those proposed by other printers.

By decision of the late Post master General, orders for papers to be transferred by mail, containing money or not, may be written and franked to publishers by postmasters.

After a few weeks from the present, the quality of the paper to be used on the Herald will be superior to any on which it has ever been printed, and is intended to be a specimen of paper made from the new machine of Messrs. White, Henderson, & Co. of this town.

The Spirit of the Age re-asserts the truth of its article, noticed in the Herald last week relative to the foolish remarks reported in the Washington Globe to have been made by Gen. Harrison in his last moments about removals from office. The principal difficulty in the way of argument is, that the Age quotes the statements of the Globe with implicit reliance on their truth—a position which we can by no means yield; for without reference to party animosity or the fact that the Globe is adverse to us in politics, or any thing else than a plain matter of fact, we assure the Age that we believe the Globe will lie; and that it is a regular department of its business to manufacture and put into the mouth of some great man such statements as were never thought of by the persons charged, for the very purpose of having them picked up by the little, lame, country loco presses as a wonderful smart thing, in order to prejudice the minds of the less informed Whig voters against their candidates. We dare the Age to make an unqualified denial of the same opinion. It is too evidently true, and Mr. Eastman is somewhat famous for a sort of cunning, low-gear'd wit, and we hazard the opinion that he will not stake his celebrity on such a denial.

By the way, taking all that is said, to be true, don't you think, friend Eastman, the Whigs have got a job of narrow dodging before them to escape the thunderbolts of heaven for having elected Gen. Harrison to the presidency and sending Mr. Ogle to Congress. The Locos say our good president was called to his account because the whigs made "log cabin and hard cider" a sort of political watchword. The celestial indictment we did not see, and don't know whether the "coon skins" were mentioned or not. The Vermont Telegraph thinks it was because he did not come out more to its liking against slavery. Not content with destroying the man, these wrathful little deities must even brush away every vestige of his ever having had an existence, by destroying the steam ship President, which was named in honor of him. Mr. Ogle, (the Age hints) was taken away because he told the people how like sixty Mr. Van Buren spent the people's money for gold knives, forks and spoons, foreign gew-gaws, &c, when unluckily all its pious meditations were kicked over by the fact that Mr. Ogle died of a lingering consumption, and had the fatal disease upon him long before he provoked the gods to vengeance by exposing Van Buren's matchless prodigality.

On such miserable, trashy slurs and ridiculous inferences from circumstances do the loco presses endeavor to satisfy the insatiable thirst of the defeated party with something that will answer the place of REVENGE.

"The Constitution," a Middletown, (Connecticut) paper remarks, "the Washington Globe is soon to expire, say its editors, unless its subscription list is increased. What will the loco papers do for a text book?"

Sure enough, what will they—what can they do, not only for a text, but a sermon-book also? Those beautiful lies—those dark hints—those dimly sketched threats—those prophetic visions—those labored misconstructions—those reports of sayings and doings which never took place and which have been the most potent arguments in their cause, gone—*all gone*; the source from whence radiated the light of the party and the help of its editors. "The Washington Globe says" can no longer give importance to their graceless sheets or sweeten the foulest lie to the taste of unsuspecting readers.

Quere!—What may be the particular reason that the Globe cannot now live on the same list which it has formerly done? Can't give information, Eastman!

Mitchell, the forger, has written and published a most bitter complaint against editors for publishing accounts of his crimes, and thinks they will have a tendency to injure his character!! and most solemnly calls upon them to desist—says he is somewhat discouraged, but hopes for better times. He evidently thinks it very unfair to be incarcerated in prison for running off with other people's money, when Swartwout, Price, Hunt, and a hundred other leg treasurers did the same without being molested—nay, even patronized by government itself.

To the Vergennes Vermonters we say, The article in the Herald headed "Newspaper Quackery," to which it takes exceptions, was and is believed to be strictly true in all its statements. Our object was not to persecute an individual further than was necessary in giving a sketch of the origin of certain publications which we most religiously believe to be public nuisances. Furthermore, we apprehend the Vermonters' report was embittered, and perhaps elicited in consequence of a small paragraph in our paper relative to an article copied from it by the Vermonters. Our complaint was a just one.

## INSPIRED MOMENTS.

If you wish a child to become a complete specimen of sin and ugliness combined and ripened to perfection, do not fail to present him with a frequent and exaggerated rehearsal of all his faults and little misdemeanors. He will naturally strive to produce the original of the portrait.

If you desire an unfaithful wife, watch her narrowly and dog her movements with that most cursed of all cursed spirits—jealousy. Be sure you read all letters, bills, &c., in her possession. It she manifests displeasure at your impudence, you may take it for granted she thinks you would be full as handsome if attending to your own business, and she is a fool if she cannot find out means of being more secret.

If you wish to provoke an editor to throw off the shackles of truth and pass his own fanciful imaginations upon the public as sober reality—in a word, induce him to become a professed liar, do not fail to accuse him of fabrication and falsehood for every production which to your own narrow judgment appears "a little too strange." He will soon think it worth his while to take the game if he must have the name.

If you wish to pass for a gentleman, do not hesitate to express your own opinions on a disputed question, in a company of entire strangers, and declare any one to be a fool who holds contrary opinions. The penalty of being considered fools will compel your auditors to maintain a respectful silence in your presence.

If you have been drinking, and have occasion to hold conversation with a man and wish him to enter into the spirit of what you say, be sure you poke your ugly mouth up within exactly one inch and a quarter of his, and there keep it, notwithstanding his twistings and contortions to avoid the offensive stretch and obtain a breath of fresh air. He'll either patiently suffer your insolence or knock you down, as you deserve.

The Albany Argus is the most regular and punctual exchange on our list. We cannot for the life of us conceive its motive is so perseveringly exchanging with us, unless it be that Mr. Crowell is determined we shall have the true democratic light (as he understands) shining upon us. The Argus is anything but the low, mean, dirty, puddle puddle so apt to be the prominent characteristic of the acknowledged organs of the loco party. Between it and the Whig papers of Albany, an unceasing contention is carried on, but conducted in a very gentlemanly manner on both sides.

Mad Dogs have again made their appearance in several parts—a small boy was recently bitten in the streets of N. Y., and now suffering the agonies of hydrophobia. Confound this dog-breeding and dog-keeping business. We fear nothing but an and a rabid dog—not even excepting a rabid loco editor. The first may be cancelled by repentance—the third cured by a moment's application of the quail, but the second is DEATH!

Why in the name of common sense must so many men have a retinue of whelps and curs about their premises, whose only occupation seems to be to bark a neighborhood out of sleep and set up a growling, whining concert of their early to-bed master animal is heard in the streets after the night. Most dogs are public nuisances aside from the danger of hydrophobia. It is actually a hazard of limb or life to drive a young horse or ten public highway, even in the day time, for as often as five or ten times a mile, up springs a dog from his concealment and attacks your horse, doing his best to frighten him beyond your control. There is no means of knowing when in or out of danger, of one kind or another, from our canine population.

Removal of Postmasters.—The loco papers in this State are making the greatest imaginable ado about the appointment of Whig postmasters, and are pouring out the full volume of the insolent, ranting Billingsgate which constitutes their political dialect. Men of course make the greatest outcry when touched in the tenderest spot. The fact is, loco editors have so long had unlimited indulgence shown them by the post-office department in circulating their periodicals, that now, so suddenly, to be reined up and reduced to the same privileges enjoyed by the Whig papers, they know not how to get along, and really fear necessity will compel them to shut up shop. For years the Department has been prostituted to the basest party purposes, and it has been almost impossible to get a Whig newspaper to a patron by mail on many routes. All postmasters have not taken violent measures to suppress Whig papers, but many have, and we pray heaven and the "Oligarchy" that the excellent "Gullotine" now in operation at Washington may increase the force and rapidity of its strokes until those who have been "dishonest" or who have "prostituted their office to party purposes" have paid the penalty of their treachery.

We were in error, last week, in saying the N. Y. Legislature adjourned on the 19. It adjourned seven days later (25) Seven degrees, only, from the truth—very well done for an editor.

Distressing Calamity.—We learn from the Woodstock Spirit of the Age that a singular and most distressing accident occurred in the adjoining town of Hartland. A man named Weld is stated to have had his head literally severed from his body!! Particulars of this singular circumstance not yet given.

## A NATIONAL BANK.

As it is generally understood that a proposal for establishing a National Bank will be made during the next session of Congress, the subject ought to be dispassionately considered by the public. Some financial scheme is wanting to conduct the fiscal affairs of the Government. The Sub-treasury will not answer; the objections against it are ten fold greater than against a National Bank, and much of the same nature—besides, its effect will tend greatly to cripple the prosperity of the country, and be ruinous to the interests of the Government. Doubtless a considerable change of feeling has taken place in regard to a National Bank, and no where more so than at the North. The Richmond (Va.) Whig, on this point says: "We ourselves have been surprised at the extent of change in favor of a restoration of a Bank of the United States. Nor is the change by any means confined to the Whig party. It pervades both parties. It reaches all classes, those more and those less intelligent. The ruinous state of the currency—the long years of suffering under Jackson and Van Buren experimenting and tinkering—the growing conviction that a uniform and stable currency can alone be supplied by a National Bank—the utter hopelessness of a specie currency—the odium into which many of the State Banks have fallen, and the persuasion that many of them are rotten, and ought to be purged off by a National Bank—the recollections of ancient prosperity, when one existed—all these arguments, so numerous and powerful, have had and cannot but further have immense influence over the public mind."—*Franklin Messenger.*

As to the objections raised against a National Bank, the New Yorker expresses the opinion that they may be most of them overcome. That paper says:

"We throw out the following suggestions for the outline of a National Bank, which we think would obviate most of the objections to such an institution which apply to the substance rather than the name. They are not wholly original with us, but commend themselves to our judgment after much examination and reflection. Those to whom we have presented them have generally approved; and they include many of each political party. It seems clear to us that there were certain great public benefits formerly attained through the medium of a National Bank, in the equalizing and regulating of Exchanges and the furnishing of a cheap, portable or remittable currency of uniform value through the country, which have not been and cannot so well be secured otherwise. If there were, on the other hand, errors and defects in the constitution of former Banks, and by consequence abuses in their operation, we do not see why these are inseparable from the benefits—why the latter may not be secured and the former repressed. But we did not propose to argue the matter, but simply submit the project alluded to, which is as follows:

"A capital of barely twenty millions of dollars, for principal bank and branches inclusive. A rigid restriction of its business to the purchase and sale of Bills of Exchange, having not more than sixty days to run, and Notes of other Banks, to send home for redemption. The mother Bank only to issue Notes, redeemable always at its counter in specie under heavy penalties, and a legal tender in payments to the Government, the Bank and all its branches. No Notes discounted whatever, and no bills of Exchange discounted bearing the name of an officer of the Treasury, Members of Congress, or (unless to a limited extent) Directors of the Bank. All profits beyond seven per cent. per annum to be equally shared between the stockholders and the Government; one-half to be paid to the Government at the settlement of each year's accounts, as a consideration for the privileges granted; the other to be retained on behalf of the stockholders as a reserve against any contingency; all of it over ten per cent. on the whole capital to be divided among them every ten years. None but citizens of this country permitted to hold stock. The Bank to be the depository of the Public Money, and to perform all the services to the Government which any former Bank has done or which may hereafter be desirable."

Steamship President. There were two persons on board this unfortunate vessel whose names have not yet reached the public eye. In the published list, "Mr. Howell and friend," are named. That friend was Mrs. Howell, who was married to Mr. H. a few hours before the steamer left the port. The other was Robert Hamilton Dundas, of the British navy, a promising young officer.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

Debt of Great Britain. The public debt of Great Britain amounts at the present time to £787,000,000; of which £724,000,000 were expended in the two great wars with America and France—A striking and instructive fact.

## THE FARM.

"I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat; get that I need, owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad to see men's good; content with my Farm; and the greatest pride is to see my cows graze and my lambs suck." [Shakespeare's "As you like it"]

From the Farmer's Monthly Visitor.  
FARMING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Westbury, Mass., March 20, 1841.  
Gen. Hall—Dear Sir—I see by your paper that you have done me the honor to publish the remarks made by me at the Agricultural Meeting at the State House, Feb. 4th. The request made by the Chair that I should state my European reminiscences, took me unprepared, for I had not so much as even thought that I should be called upon to address the meeting. One day of preparation would have enabled me to say much, for the recollections of any man of capacity, fond to a fault of agricultural life, and being most pleasantly in that society, cannot but be when they are of the best farming country under the sun. For whatever opinion we may form of her pride, arrogance, insolence, presumption, faults, (mark my words) that will have to be smothered within ten years by the compulsory process of a universal alliance of nations against her—yet we must confess that her agriculture is the most stupendous thing under heaven. When it is remembered that a crop of turnips grown in Norfolk alone is greater in value than her trade with China; that the price of the geese brought from the Lincolnshire fairs is more than her trade with Denmark; that you see as a common thing, a hundred acres of turnips, a hundred acres of beans, or thirty acres of oats in a single field—a farm of 300 acres all mowed, a farm of the same size, 300 acres, all in crops, live stock on a farm worth £10,000—twenty or thirty horses employed on one farm every working day of the year, and by means of thrice ploughing (say) turning 900 acres in a single year; I say, this is remembered, it will be seen that "Great Britain is in every thing, the superlative degree of greatness is in her agriculture—in her soil, naturally poor, but made rich by the application of capital and of unwearied assiduity, good sense and enterprise."

In this country we fail, most from want of capital and from the circumstance that agriculture does not rank as an employment with others, especially with trade. It is not valued as it ought to be. The English contend that it never was so valued in a democratic country. Agriculture, they say, is substantial, aristocratic employment. This is certainly true in England, and I believe of Europe generally. In England, to be wanting in the dignity conferred by land possessions, is to want that which constitutes the highest offices and most exclusive society. The "country gentleman," in England almost an impatient of precedence. So far do they carry this, no man in trade can marry into a family of landed descent and possessions, unless he add to large wealth an eminent character for talent. It is from the absorbing influence of men of landed property, that agriculture of Great Britain has become an industry that has never had a parallel in the history of the world. For whilst the annual value of the exports from the United Kingdom is about two hundred and seventy millions of dollars, the annual value of the agricultural produce is reckoned at more than eleven hundred millions; and this when the valuation of the immense crops of vegetables is at the minimum price their worth in feeding stock.

I am, dear sir, yours, respectfully,  
JAMES ATHERTON JOHN.

From the Albany Cultivator.

## EXPERIMENTS IN CULTURE OF CORN.

Messrs. Editors.—In the spring of 1839, I turned over a clover sod of two years standing, as early as would admit of ploughing. The first week in May, I planted one half the field to potatoes, and after ploughing my corn, I ploughed the other part of my patch three times more, dragging between each successive ploughing, and planted the potatoes the week in May, the ground being in first rate order, any crop, as judged by the workmen. After this, the piece received little treatment. I would here observe that I planted my potatoes a little below the level of the surface, and cover more deeper than is required; corn; while the potatoes show like rabbit's ears, hoe for the first time, and second and last, before the vines fall. The result of the operation was decided in favor of the once ploughing. I would here remark that my corn was planted on once ploughing, ridge down, dragged fine, planted on a level surface, plant and ashes, (two parts ashes and one plaster) put on before hoeing, hoed three times—not much hill made. The result was an extraordinary crop, to the astonishment of most who saw it.

In 1840, I had about thirty acres for corn—potatoes, wheat on summer fallow. I let neighbor P. and three acres, (not the choice of the field, but a rather the poorest), that he fitted for himself by twice ploughing; planted about four feet apart, ploughed very between the corn, and hoed twice. The result was about thirty bushels per acre. Neighbor W. had acres—ploughed once and ridged; planted four feet apart; hoed three times; a heavy hill made round the corn; the result, about forty bushels per acre. The remainder of the field ploughed once; dragged and planted on the surface. Six acres being planted from three and a half to four feet apart, yielded bushels per acre. Nine acres, planted three feet apart, hoed twice and weeds cut down the third time, much hill. The result, from sixty-five to seventy bushels per acre. The remainder of the field yielded fifty to sixty-five bushels per acre.

Camillus, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

## "Gultum in Parbo."

The New Orleans Picayune says, during the storm on Monday morning a startled sleeper sprang up in bed when a sharp and sudden peal burst over the roof, exclaiming, "By Jove, that thunderbolt broke above in the middle."

No more Tight Lacing. The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligence, states that tight lacing "done for," in the French capital, the dressmaker having introduced the fashion of going without corsets. Too good reasons to be true, we fear. If it is, however, proved true, it will be one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on woman. Consumption will not unto itself wings; and the thousand other ills to which woman is heir, will be greatly mitigated; and the best of females will be immeasurably improved, by allowing their forms freedom from all restraint, such as tight lacing.

The following is an extract from a letter of Charleston, S. C. correspondent of the New York Herald, dated May 8th.  
"I have but now returned from the town of Greenville, Sullivan Island, where I was a witness of the most terrible disasters that has ever occurred in this State. Fort Moultrie—of glorious memory—lies a heap of ruins. The magazine was undermined, some necessary repairs, and by some means, was

He was soon seated and in conversation with Delilah. Delilah Charlton was a charming girl. It is true she did not possess the exquisite proportions, and regular features of her two cousins, but then there was over a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful spark in her clear light blue eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits, that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more bewitching; at least so thought Mr. Barton, as he gazed upon her bewitching countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her for a wife, dependent as she is upon her uncle, and powerless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis's, with their spoiled tempers and their fortunes.

Thinking thus, it is to be wondered at that he left her with a half formed determination to win her love fitly within his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loved habit of "running" their cousins, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tete-a-tete, was it not," whispered Emma across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Delilah, blushing slightly.

"Oh! I dare say," said Emma, sarcastically; "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did?" said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "It is better to listen to that, than to the senseless conversation and sickly sentiments, drawled out in affected tones by the foppings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity!" And the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

"But never mind, Lile," he continued in a softer voice, and patting his niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr. Barton is worth three or four would-be-gentlemen as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, and in more ways than one. Mark that, girl! He is worth two or three such, in more ways than one." The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis's. It was very evident he was paying "particular" attention to Delilah Charlton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptance. The fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertions, that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time. At length one morning, about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlour where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in glee.

"What?" asked both the young ladies, in a breath.

"The wedding we are going to have."

"The wedding! what wedding?"

"Your cousin's."

"Delilah's!"

"Yes. She is going to marry the mechanic with her hand. What do you think of it, ha!"

"I do not think much of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't eh! Well, suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your opinions?"

"Why, what do you mean, pa?"

"Listen! and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave, and somewhat stern look. "The father of Mr. Barton, to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade about the same time I entered the counting house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade, he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself, and where he married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder, he soon became an architect, and subsequently, amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune, to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son, Charles, a good architect, so that if ever the "fickle dame" should desert him, he would have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving him his whole fortune; his wife being already dead, and Charles being an only child. About six months after, Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he did not marry. He said he had never yet met with a young lady he thought worthy of calling his wife, that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his money, but that such an one he would never marry. I told him I would introduce him to some of our city ladies, and see if he could not find one among them to suit him. He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master mechanic. I acquiesced; and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, which, I sincerely hope, will have a salutary influence. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would be his chosen, because I was certain you could not stoop so low as to marry a master mechanic; but the event which will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing whatever of his wealth till to-day. I see you look surprised girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you that he was worth two or three such nunny-bammers as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be respectable, but that very often he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, is more of a gentleman than he who counts his thousands."

And they did remember it; for in after years they showed in choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's lessons.

To render wood, cloth or paper fire proof. Dissolve one ounce of alum, half an ounce of sub borate of soda, and half an ounce of cherry tree gum, in half a pint of vinegar. Dip any cloth or piece of paper, or wood, in this mixture, and let them dry; they cannot afterwards be ignited so as to blaze, and may be considered safe with regard to their taking fire by accident.

Note. Though this composition is a very powerful preventive against fire, it is too complex for common use, and has too much color for white cloths or papers; but a solution of one ounce of sub borate of soda in a pint of water is very transparent and harmless, and will answer in some cases nearly as well.

The editor of the Buffalo Republican refuses to publish any more marriages, except by direction of the unfortunate parties, or their afflicted friends.